Serious and Ghostly

MEDITATIONS

UPON A

House of Office.

Dedicated to the

Goldfinders of GREAT BRITAIN.

The SECOND EDITION.

By CATO.

To which is added,

The BOG-HOUSE, a POEM

in Imitation of MILTON.

LONDON:

Printed for A. MOORE near St. Paul's.

Price 6 d.

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[redacted]

TO THE

GOLD-FINDERS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN.

GENTLEMEN,

Have long and often wondered, that amongst all those different Bodies of Men, who have had their Names illustrated in modern Dedications, so useful a Society as yours should want its due Encomiums;

[illegible] but that Corruption is become Publick and Universal, which beginning amongst the great ones, takes its Course downwards and infects the vulgar Herd. Our mercenary Scribblers, in Imitation of their depraved Patrons, make Lucre the chief End of their Writings; and finding more Advantage in glossing over Vice, than in doing Justice to Virtue, prostitute their Pens to the most shameful Purposes: Yet indeed I cannot blame their Conduct in this particular; for if they expect extravagant Prices for their Panegyricks, To whom can they address them so well as to those, who least deserve them?

You cannot be ignorant, Gentlemen, that I have been long engaged in the Service of my distressed Country, in exposing the Tools of Power, and the Creatures of Ambition; that I have laboured Day and Night in this glorious (but neglected) Cause, and endeavoured to put Church and State upon such a Foundation, that the latter may

appear

appear unexceptionable (even to my ſelf) and the former without Spot or Wrinkle, or any ſuch Thing: In purſuit of theſe Labours, and as Opportunities have offered themſelves, I have made it my Buſineſs (as it is the greateſt Pleaſure of my Soul) to point out real Merit to the World; you cannot forget that I have already addreſſed my ſelf, in three *immortal Pieces, to a* noble Lord, *the* Man in the Moon, *and the* Clergy *of the Church of* England; *and after theſe, I think I cannot make a better Choice of my Patrons to this Piece, than the* Goldfinders *of* Great Britain.

Nor do I think that this Addreſs comes improperly from my Pen; ſince there ſeems to be ſo great an Analogy between our Profeſſions, which both conſiſt in carrying away the inward Corruptions *of Mankind; and there is yet this farther Likeneſs, that altho' our Labours tend alike to Sweetneſs and Decency; yet we make a great ſtink in the Operation; I confeſs the Advantage ſeems*

to lie on your ſide, in the Eye of the World, by confining your Labours to the Night, when People are aſleep, and out of the Smell of them; whereas I perform publickly at Noon-day. But I ſhall never be aſhamed to give publick Offence in order to do publick Good; which ever was, and ever ſhall be the avowed End of my Writings.

It is often objected to us both in Deriſion, that we get our Bread by raking into Ordure and Naſtineſs. I wonder how any Men can be ſo hardy, as to urge a Reflection againſt us, which is ſtronger againſt ſome Perſons in Authority, who are well known to enrich themſelves and their Families, by dirtier Jobs *than any which either of us are employed in.*

When alas! will the Labours of Reformation *and* Goldfinding *be at an End? When will Mankind ceaſe to Sh—te and be corrupt? Alas! never, whilſt they*

continue

continue to be Men; for it is natural to them, and interwoven with their Constitution. Why therefore should we upbraid human Creatures, for what is human and common to ourselves? Why rather do I upbraid them? For you indeed do not, but do your Work quietly, and receive your Money thankfully, without stigmatizing those who find you Employment: Whilst I am eternally snarling at Mankind; for what is essential to Mankind, and abusing those human Frailties by which I get my Bread. Ridiculous! beyond any Thing which I have ridiculed! to blame the Bridge which I go over, *and forget the old saying, that* without Sins there would be no Taxes! ——— *If all the World were Virtuous, how would* CATO *differ from other Men?*

The rest of my Thoughts on this important subject, are contained in the following Meditations which I beg leave to make Publick under the Protection of

your

your most illustrious Society, as a Mark of that Affection and Sincerity with which

I am,

GENTLEMEN,

Your constant Fellow-Labourer

for the Good of our Country

CATO.

Serious and Cleanly

Meditations, &c.

AS I was one Morning sitting at my Ease in a pensive Manner, in one of the publick *Offices* in this great City, I fell into a Train of Meditations suitable to the Dignity of the Place, and the Awfulness of that solemn Occasion.

I could not forbear reflecting on the Vanity of human Pride, which puts us to such immense Cost and Trouble, in tricking out a tawdry Outside with Velvet, Brocade, fine Laces, and flaxen Wigs; whilst if we look into our selves, and consider well the Furniture of our hidden Apartments, we should have little Reason to boast of the Beauty or Comelineſs of our Persons. I never enter into the Drawing-room, the Play-house, or any other Publick Assemblies of the *Beau Monde*, without Laughing in my Sleeve, at the various Fopperies of both Sexes, which I look upon as so many Artifices and Coverslutts, to hide their inward Deformities; for methinks it is enough to mortify the Proudest of us all, to remember, that although we may adorn our outward

outward Parts with fine Cloaths, and sweeten their with costly Essences, yet our inSides are no better than common Bogs, and are composed of Materials too foul to name. It is no Doubt, upon this Account that we are said by St. *Paul*, to be *made of the Filth of the World, and the Offscouring of all Things unto this Day.* For the same Reason, I was mightily pleased with the Reply which a Philosopher made, upon hearing a certain Lady very much extoll'd for her Beauty; *Ay*, said he, *she's a very fine Creature, but for all that, she stinks when she goes to Stool.*

THIS is a true State of the human Body, and I fear, that upon Examination, our Minds will appear but little better, and that the Emanations of one, do not much surpass in Cleanliness the Voidings of the other. If we survey the learned World, as it is called, what do its modern Productions consist in, but right modest *Cases of IMPOTENCE; Essays upon PARTING*; and the *wonderful Wonders of some A——se*? What is thy Shop, O C——l, but a Bog-house, the common Sink of Lewdness and Brutality? Is it not equally avoided, unless in Cases of Necessity, by all Persons of Modesty and good Breeding? and is it not as much frequented by those, who like Swine delight to wallow in Mire and Nastiness?

Lately, bending my Eye downwards into this subterraneous Cavity, I said to my self, does Man live for this? Do all his Pursuits tend only to encrease these Stenches, and swell this noisome Profundity? Alas, for nothing else! The Toils and Ambition of the Great, as well as the Labours and Fatigues of the Vulgar are subservient to this end. For what do we live, but

but to eat and drink, and exonorate our ſelves in theſe voracious Abyſſes? The Body of Man is but a Thorough-fare to theſe common Receptacles of all things; What an infinite Variety of Creatures is here blended together? Methinks I ſee, (and oh, that I could not ſay I ſmell) ten thouſand various Diſhes toſs'd up together, and jumbled into a ſecond Chaos of Matter.

Amongst this Compoſt or Meſs of Medley, I eſpy'd the Leg of a human Child ſprawling up in a perpendicular Manner, the Sight of which drew from me ſeveral pathetick Exclamations againſt the heinous and crying Sin of Fornication; a Sin which is the Mother of a much greater one, the Sin of Murther, even the unnatural Murther of our own Offspring. Alas! ſaid I, how many innocent Babes have been ſacrificed to theſe infernal Deities, and buried as ignominiouſly as they were begotten? Hereupon I could not but admire the wiſe Inſtitution of the *Scotch* Nation, which, in order to prevent a Crime of ſo deep a Dye, will not ſuffer any ſuch deſtructive Chaſms within the Limits of their Kingdom.

Thirdly, Binding my Eyes down again into the ſame odoriferous Gulf, I beheld it enrich'd on ev'ry ſide, with ſcatter'd Reams of ancient and modern Learning; with the Excrements of the Head as well as the Tail. Here lay a Paſſage in *Tom Thumb*, and there a Sentence in St. *Auſtin*; here a Scrap of a Ballad, and there a Fragment of Metaphyſicks; while diſperſed up and down in a confuſed manner, I obſerved the following Title Pages, half obliterated with the riſing Vapours of the Place; *viz. Duns Scoti Opera Omnia* —— *Manual of Devotion* —— *The Æneids of* Virgil, *tranſlated by* Joſeph Trap, *A. M.* —— *The ſe-*

veral

veral Proteſts, &c. — *The dangerous and ſinful Practice of Inoculation* — *The Scourge* — *The Life and Adventures of* Robinſon Cruloe — *Letters to the late Earl of* Sunderland, *by* Archibald — *A new Almanack for the Year* 1713 — *The Half-penny-poſt* — *The Weekly-Journal* — and amongſt the reſt ſome of my own laborious (and as I vainly hoped) immortal Lucubrations.

This melancholly Occurrence threw me into a Reflection, to which I was before a Stranger, and firſt taught me, whileſt I ſo liberally beſtow Contempt on other Authors, how ill I can bear Contempt my ſelf. With what Calmneſs and Equanimity did I behold the Miſcellaneous Remnants of my Brother-Writers, lie rotting in this infamous Obſcurity? but when I ſpied the leaſt Part of my own dear Iſſue, how did it damp my fond elated Heart, and fully in my own Eyes, the Glory of my late Productions! How little did I expect to ſee this Day! Muſt the Great *Cato* die then like common Scribblers, and periſh in the ſame foul Maſs with his ignorant Antagoniſts? Shall it be ſaid in future Ages, that *Miſt* and *Cato* underwent the ſame Fate, that after infinite Wranglings and mutual Altercations, they were at laſt profaned by the baſe Hands of Porters and Chairmen, and retired together to this ſtinking *Aſylum*? — *It muſt be ſo* — O *Pope*! thou reaſon'ſt well,

Whom not th'extended Albion *could contain,*
From old Belerium *to the Northern Main,*
The Grave unites; where ev'n the Great find reſt,
And blended lie th'Oppreſſor and th'Oppreſt!

Oh! that I had never ſwerv'd from my firſt honeſt Principles, nor expoſed my ſelf by daily Inconſiſten-

cies

cies and Self-contradictions! That I had not deserted the Cause of the Protestant Succession, to gain the poor Popularity of pleasing a *Jacobite* Rabble, not made my self the wretched Tool of one, who, by his Pride, Avarice, Ill-nature, and implacable Malice, against all Persons above him, has made himself contemptible in the Eyes of the World. Better had it been for me to become that detested Thing a Court Parasite, than the servile Instrument of an ill-manner'd Country Squire, of a noisy Coffee-house Politician —— Now art thou *Cato* indeed, and hast committed a far greater Murther on thy self; he only kill'd a perishable Body, but thou hast stabb'd a much dearer Part, a flourishing Reputation; and laid violent Hands on thy own excellent Arguments.

Whilest I was thus lamenting over my deceased Offspring, which lay buried in this ignominious Grave, and wondering at the Ignorance of Mankind, which confounds in this undistinguishing Manner, the Labours of the Learned and Unlearned together, I cast my Eyes round the Walls of the venerable Edifice, and was not a little relieved from these uneasy Thoughts, by the various Flights of Poetry which I found inscribed there. It was some Consolation to my afflicted Soul to find that the same Place, which ev'ry Day swallows up some Part of Learning, inspires its Inhabitants to supply the World with others in its room, and that what seems the open Sepulchre of the *Belles Lettres*, is also the Nursery of Wit and the Seat of the Muses.

I know it would be an agreeable Entertainment to the Publick, to present them with some of those little mural Pieces which I perused there; but I am afraid, that it may seem unworthy the Character I bear

best in the World, (though they are all excellent in their way) as well as inconsistent with that Gravity and Seriousness, which I propoſed to my ſelf in the Courſe of theſe learned Meditations. However, I will indulge the Impatience of my Reader with two or three, which may ſerve for a Specimen of the reſt, and contain in them ſharp Strokes of Wit, as well as very uſeful Morals.

The firſt I ſhall mention is a Philoſophical one, and ſeems, by the Reaſoning in it, to be written by that profound Author, the famous *Philelentherus Lipſienſis*, and is as follows:

The Learned hold in ev'ry Nation,
Four Methods of Evacuation
Videlicet; imprimis, WRITING;
Secundo, PISSING; tertio, SH——TING;
Quarto——*but that is better gueſs'd,*
By far the ſhorteſt and the Beſt;
Of all which Methods there proceed
Three from the Tail, *and One the* Head;
From whence 'tis eaſy to explain,
Why the Tail's *ſtronger than the* Brain.

The next is written in the true Spirit of heroick Loyalty, and claims for its Author that renown'd Knight, Sir *James Baker*; obſerve, Reader, how zealouſly he writes for his King and Country.

The Man who to his Country is a Friend,
May downy Peace and gentle Stools attend;
But him, who would our free-born Rights deſtroy,
May Coſtiveneſs and racking Piles annoy.

The

The Author of the following one is uncertain, but being written in the Pindarick Stile, it is attributed by most Criticks either to Mr. Tho. D——f——y, or Mr. *A——n H——ll.*

Such Places as these
Were made for the Ease
Of every Fellow in Commons;
But, to Poets who write
On the Wall as they Sh——te,
'Tis a Pleasure far greater than Woman;
For he's eased in his Body, and pleased in his Mind,
Who leaves both a T——d and some Verses behind.

FOR the Encouragement of these little Geniuses, I condescended to unbend my self in Poesy, and wrote the following Lines on a clean Part of the Wall.

By the *British* CATO.

If LIBERTY, *as I have taught, be good,*
'Tis surely best in this Place understood
Here we may Sh——te, fart, spink, do what we please,
This Place was made for LIBERTY *and Ease.*

I am glad to find there are some Poets in the World who know their own Strength, and do not endeavour to soar farther than their Abilities will bear them; I hope others will follow so laudable an Example, and reduce their Studies to a better Standard. Several Bards (whom to avoid Ill-will, I'll forbear to Name) have given themselves and the World abundance

bear in the World, (though they are all excellent in their way) as well as inconsistent with that Gravity and Seriousness, which I propos'd to my self in the Course of these learned Meditations. However, I will indulge the Impatience of my Reader with two or three, which may serve for a Specimen of the rest, and contain in them sharp Strokes of Wit, as well as very useful Morals.

The first I shall mention is a Philosophical one, and seems, by the Reasoning in it, to be written by that profound Author, the famous *Philelutherius Lipsiensis*, and is as follows:

The Learned hold in ev'ry Nation,
Four Methods of Evacuation
Videlicet; imprimis, WRITING;
Secundo, PISSING; tertio, SH——TING;
Quarto ——*but that is better guess'd,*
By far the shortest and the Best;
Of all which Methods there proceed
Three from the Tail, *and One the* Head;
From whence 'tis easy to explain,
Why the Tail's *stronger than the* Brain.

The next is written in the true Spirit of heroick Loyalty, and claims for its Author that renown'd Knight, Sir *James Baker*; observe, Reader, how zealously he writes for his King and Country.

The Man who to his Country is a Friend,
May downy Peace and gentle Stools attend;
But him, who would our free-born Rights destroy,
May Costiveness *and racking* Piles *annoy.*

The Author of the following one is uncertain, but being written in the Pindarick Stile; it is attributed by moſt Criticks either to Mr. Tho. D——ſ——y, or Mr. A——n H——ll.

Such Places as theſe
Were made for the Eaſe
Of every Fellow in Common;
But, to Poets who write
On the Wall as they Sh——te,
'Tis a Pleaſure far greater than Woman;
For he's eaſed in his Body, and pleaſed in his Mind,
Who leaves both a T——d and ſome Verſes behind.

FOR the Encouragement of theſe little Geniuſes, I condeſcended to unbend my ſelf in Poetry, and wrote the following Lines on a clean Part of the Wall.

By the *Britiſh* CATO.

If LIBERTY, *as I have taught, be good,*
'Tis ſurely beſt in this Place underſtood;
Here we may Sh——te, fart, ſink, do what we pleaſe,
This Place was made for LIBERTY *and Eaſe.*

I am glad to find there are ſome Poets in the World who know their own Strength, and do not endeavour to ſoar farther than their Abilities will bear them; I hope others will follow ſo laudable an Example, and reduce their Studies to a better Standard. ſeveral Bards (whom to avoid Ill-will, I'll forbear to Name) have given themſelves and the World abundance

dance of Trouble to no Purpose, in Epick and Dramatick Writings, who might do their Country a great deal of Honour, and themselves a great deal of Service, if they could be prevailed upon to confine themselves to these Sir-reverential Performances: But as *Horace* says;

Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus atq; poetis,

There is no convincing a headstrong Poet of his Errors, and therefore 'tis in vain to throw away good Advice upon such impenetrable ingenious Blockheads; let them write on and be damn'd to this infernal Dungeon for ever.

I then fell into a Philosophical Argument with my self, to explore the Reason why these *Houses of Ease*, are always so productive of Poetry, beyond what we observe in other Domes; and first of all I thought it not impossible, that the Miscellaneous Poems which croud these Walls, might be the *Manes* or Ghosts of those unhappy Rhimes, which lie *interred* underneath, which being restless in that Condition, wander up and down these Places, in the Nature of other Spirits. But I was soon driven out of this Opinion by two Considerations. First, Because these poetical Excursions, are generally apposite to the Place upon which they are inscribed, and are very often farcastical Repartees on one another. Secondly, Because they are observ'd to appear by Day as well as by Night, which, I think, is allow'd by all Divines, to be inconsistent with the Nature of Apparitions.

BEING therefore oblig'd to quit this Conjecture, I had recourſe to another Solution, which I think much more probable. I ſuppoſe that the poetical Matter, which lies in theſe dark Caverns, throws up certain Fumes, which finding an eaſy Paſſage through the Body of him, who ſits brooding over them, aſcend into the Brain, and there create an Inclination to verſifying; under which Condition, and in the Luxuriency of his Vein, he tranſcribes his Thoughts out of his Head upon theſe Walls, in Imitation of the ancient Poets whom *Horace* mentions.

THIS I think a tolerable Hypotheſis, and is confirmed by a parallel Inſtance, That of Church-yards and Charnel-houſes. It is generally allow'd, if any Perſon ſits for a conſiderable Time by himſelf on a Tombſtone or a Coffin, that he is imperceptibly affected with gloomy and melancholly Ideas; this could proceed from nothing but thoſe unwholeſome Vapours, which ariſe from rotten and putrid aCrcaſſes. And if it be granted that ſuch Carcaſſes can inſpire us with ſuitable Thoughts, I deſire to know why the more volatile Remains of dead Rhymes may not produce the contrary Effect, and generate a ſudden Appetite to Rhyming? I am farther convinced of this by a Couplet I found here, which I read with a great deal of Pleaſure, becauſe I do not love to be ſingular in any of my Opinions; it was this,

If SMELL *of* T——d *makes* WIT *to flow,*
L——d what would EATING *of it do!*

YET after all, however well grounded this Conjecture might be, I am reſolved not to be ſo opinionated of my own Judgment, as abſolutely to determine

termine this knotty Point, but ſhall leave it to the more accurate Deciſion of the *Royal Society*, and other *Litterati* of the Nation. I fell into ſeveral other Reflections on this Occaſion, which I have either forgot, or do not think proper to trouble the Reader with. I alſo made ſeveral Diſcoveries, which the Niceneſs of my Honour will not allow me to communicate; it being my Opinion, that every Thing which is dedicated to theſe infernal Abyſſes, ought to remain in everlaſting Oblivion.

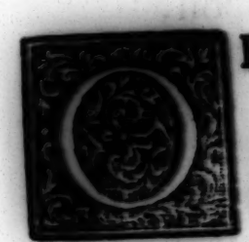
I will conclude all with this inſtructive Moral, that however we may value our ſelves for our Superiority over one another, there is no real Difference between Man and Man, eſpecially upon theſe neceſſary Occaſions, when (according to the Proverb) *a Beggar is as great as a King*.

THE

THE
Bog-House:
A
POEM,
In Imitation of *MILTON*.

Humbly Inſcribed

To the late Tranſlator of *VIRGIL*



F Man's Important Bus'neſs, and his Work
Of Nature, late and early, ev'ry Day,
Sing, my *Pierian* Muſe, in Numbers ſweet
As is my Subject; voiding all thy Wit
Uncoſtive, flowing forth in happieſt Strains.
The Swain ſurcharg'd with plentiful Repaſt,
Or rural Banquet, or domeſtick Meal,
(Whether at Morn, when *Turkiſh* Berry aduſt
(Fell Enemy to Sleep, and cauſe of Spleen)
Or *Indian* Leaf ſuffus'd, with fragrands bland,

Com-

Comforts the Maw, or ſolid Oat-meal Food,
Hight Haſty Pudding ——
Which heats the Blood of *Caledonian* Swains,
And warms the North; or roaſt and boil'd at Noon;
Or well ſauced Herbage, with cold Lamb at Ev'n,
Full fraught retires. To Houſe upraiſed on Mount
He hies, vile Eminence, convenient Site,
For Work unſavory; or to Garden Side,
Where Breath of *May* and odoriferous Flow'rs
Do qualify with Sweets th'Offenſive Scent;
Or where cool Rivulet with limpid Stream,
Running faſt by precipitates the Filth
Purging the Dome: *Alcides* ſo of old
Th' *Augean* Stable rinced; thither repairs
The loaded Swain incontinent to pay
Tribute of Ordure to the Gods of Earth,
Brethren of *Molock*. Not the Eaſtern Shrine
Frequented more in *Arabié* the bleſs'd,
Where uplift Prophet, dubious, hangs in Air,
The Strife of Magnets. In the Dome appears
A Graduated Seat, for Infant Bum
Or Veteran, built of Tree, *Norvegian* Spoil,
Or ſuch as *Dantzick* yields, the Prince of Woods.
Here triple Hole diſcovers hollow Womb
Of Earth, dreadful to Sight, abhorr'd to ſmell.
Up, from the putid Dungeon Fumes ingrate
Aſcending, hurt the Senſe; Careful to ken,
Leſt hapleſs he may light on foul remains
Of dirty Clown, with Galligaskins looſed,
(Oft fatal to the Purſe, or Watch in Fob,
Which well Rewards Goldfinders filthy Toil,)
Bending oblique, his Poſtern he applies
To perforated Board, as erſt were wont
Apollo's Votaries to ſubmit their Ears

To *Delphick* Tripod, and receive Reſponſe
From Pagan Shrine: So here from end reverſe,
Sounds are immitted, to invoke the Sprites
Of Darkneſs, and alarm the Powers of Night.
And now the Swain at eaſe, compoſed to vent
Embowell'd Food, from Nature's ſecret Stores
Diſcharges plenteouſly of every kind;
Corn, Fiſh and Fowl, and Wine of various Taſt
Cecubian or *Falern*. What Earth, Sea, Air affor
(Vile Refuſe of concocted Aliment)
With bountiful Effuſion is beſtow'd:
Burſting it flies, convey'd by Force of Wind,
And tremulous Noiſe, ſent downwards all at once,
With horrid Violence, like *Ætna*'s wild
Irruption, and the fall of craggy Rocks
Inwards on Mount *Veſuvius*; or *Nile*
Spewing with all his Mouths into the Sea;
Or ſulph'rous Vapours, kindled in the Air
With Nitre, conflict of Elements; ſo roars
The darkſome Cell, with repercuſſive Sound
Of poſtern Gun diſploded, which reports
A far, and ecchoes from the vaſt Abyſs.
Thus he, thrice happy, in luxuriant Stools
Voids the ſucceſſive Gatherings of his Meals.
As when a Bee with balmy Juice replete,
And liquid Spoils of Gardens taken ſhort,
Flies haſtily to waxen Privy-houſe,
In Hive or hollow'd Oak, or Chimney-top,
(Beſmear'd with Soot, of Taſte contrariant)
Or ruinous Wall; and laxative, refunds
(Sweet Voidance) all the Bevrage of the Day.
Such Bleſſings Heaven ever has deny'd
To ſinful Mortals, when aſtringent Food,
Or Body binding Claret, bars the Port,

Painful Coercion, Cauſe of inward Heats,
And fierce Diſtortions of the Face and Trunk;
The God's vouchſafe me gentle Stools and Ale!
Mean time a ſoft abſterſive is prepared,
By foliage of Fields or Books ſupply'd;
Or verdurous Plant, good Herb; or pliant Dock,
Deluſive if unfolded; or Trefoyl,
FERNES vegetable Pride; or Hay,
Fodder of Man and Beaſt; or above all
Love-labour'd Sonnet; or ſome ſenſeleſs Rhime
On the diſdainful Nymph; or poor Conceit
Of paultry Scribbler, ſtarved as himſelf,
Be it in Verſe or Proſe; or ſmart Lampoon
On Church and State; all read with Profit here;
Or *Dutchman*'s Commentary, long and dull;
Or ven'mous Work of Critick, or divine
Polemick; nor might *Jove* himſelf diſdain
S——'s foul Paper at Cœleſtial Stools.
Theſe ſtraw the Place, and fill the mural Void,
And claim the fundamental Office to wipe Bum:
Wonderful Bum! Subject of modern * Wit
And hidden Cauſe, for to thy ſecret Power
And kindly Operations, Nature owes
Motions of Wit and Mirth and joyous Thoughts.
When thou art open, Fancy flows apace;
But when retentive, Merryment's entranced
In Spleen, and lies in clouded Brain
Incarcerated; † Medicinal Wood
Thy Porter, opes and ſhuts thy folding Doors,
ſtill kind to me, propitious to my Verſe.

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* Bargains.
† *Rhubarb.*

FINIS.